

Father, we Thy children bless Thee

(ADOPTION. 8.7.8.7.D.)

SopranoAlto

1. Fa - ther, we Thy chil - dren bless Thee
 2. Now the sprin - kled blood has freed us,
 3. Though our pil - grim - age be drea - ry,

TenorBasse

For Thy love on us be - stowed ; As our
 Hast - ning on - ward to our rest, Through the
 This is not our rest - ing place ; Shall we

Fa - ther we ad - dress Thee, Called to be the
 des - ert Thou dost lead us, With Thy con - stant
 of the way be wea - ry When we see our

sons of God. Wond - rous was Thy love in giv - ing
 fa - vour blest ; By Thy truth and Spi - rit guid - ing,
 Mas - ter's face ? No : e'en now an - ti - ci - pat - ing,

Je - sus for our sins to die ;
 Ear - nest He of what's to come,
 In this hope our souls re - joice,

Won - drous was His grace in leav - ing For
 And, with dai - ly strength pro - vid - ing, Thou
 And His pro - mised ad - vent wait - ing, Soon

our sakes, the heav'ns on high.
 dost lead Thy chil - dren home.
 shall hear His wel - come voice.